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African Literary Communications and the European Languages: The Case of Francophone Writers of Senegal

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1. Introduction

African writers are double borrowers: first they borrowed the European languages and then the novel from the West. Out of these they have fashioned "new languages", verbally in "tune" with the metropolitan languages but couched in a different cultural setting. Some of the earliest African writers in the European languages were culturally dispossessed, that is, assimilated. The writings of Afonso Alvares and Olaudah Ekwuano were indistinguishable from those of their contemporaries in Spain and England. But centuries have bridged the gap between their writings and those of contemporary African writers in French and English.

We shall look at the language problem in Senegal, not primarily from a linguist's point of view, but from the literary angle. What have the Senegalese writers done with the French language given to them? What is their attitude towards this language? And how have they used it to express their culture and world view? Underlying the whole question of literary communication is the tension of transition from an oral tradition to the written medium. Equally important is the language policy of France towards her colonies.

2. Assimilation and the French language policy

A language expresses cultures and transmits thoughts. As the corner-stone of all cultural activities it remains the most effective means of spreading a civilization. The French realized this and through the politics of assimilation proclaimed the inferiority of the indigenous languages of Senegal denying them the ability and power of communication and cultural expression. Thus in all fields French was used as the language of culture, "of gentleness and honesty" (Senghor 1964), possessing intrinsic powers that were lacking in the Senegalese languages. As a matter of fact the aim of French pedagogy in Senegal was to facilitate the easy assimilation of the Senegalese, to satisfy some imperial political exigency through the medium of the French language. Monsieur Roume, Governor General of the then French West Africa expressed the French official policy in the following words:

> Through a systematized education, the indigene should be led to conveniently situate his race and his civilization with regards to other races and civilizations past and

> present. It is an excellent means of attenuating this native vanity of which he is accused, to make him more modest, while inculcating a solid and reasoned loyalty in him. (Towa 1971).

In addition, it was the official policy to spread the French language to the masses in order to fix and determine French nationality and citizenship.

Pedagogically this system proved abortive. It did not take into account the linguistic environment of the Senegalese child before his arrival into the French school. This rupture was reflected in his inability to adapt to his new environment. In the new school, the child was linguistically isolated. Culturally he was equally lost since his basic education had nothing in common with what the new school proposed and expounded. Some valuable time was therefore lost in his efforts to conceptualize his world, to make it his own, and then to express it with new words, since the passage from the traditional school to the French school was like a passage from one world to another, a linguistic initiation. This was what Frantz Fanon, the writer and psychiatrist from Martinique meant when he wrote:

> To speak means to be in a position to use a certain syntax, to grasp the morphology of this or that language, but it means above all to assume a culture, to support the weight of a civilization. (Fanon 1967).

The psychological problem that ensued with this linguistic assumption was tremendous. Since the mastery of the French language represented the passport to the French world and all its attendant benefits, the least of which was not the conferral of the coveted title of "le citoyen francais", some frantic efforts were made by the Senegalese to master this language. To speak the French language with a French accent and with French gestures was to <u>become</u> French. It was to become assimilated. To write French like a French man was to become <u>civilized.</u>

Abdoulaye Sadji's novel, <u>Nini</u>, gives us an example of the relative success of the French linguistic politics seen through the behavior of the young protagonist, Nini, a Senegalese mulatto. Nini, one observes, wants to become white, that is, civilized. She and her friends scorn the Wolof language in favor of the French, and Sadji a social scientist in the cloak of a writer makes the following pertinent observations:

> Above all do not ask them if they speak Wolof (the language of their negro ancestors). They understand only the French language, and perhaps English, since English is a language of the civilized and it has some class. They speak French with a vivacity and color that will make the most intoxicated Parisian envious. They are on the look out for fresh linguistic

> expressions formulated in Paris. They turn them over their thick lips adding to them, in spite of themselves, a certain perfume of gutturality which is hot and authentically negro. (Sadji 1954:310).

If the linguistic behavior of the Ninis and the Nanas of Senegal is explained by a need to sublimate their complex of inferiority, by this neurotic desire to be accepted by the white world, how does one explain the fact that several Senegalese writers, who, according to documented evidence,[1] are against the use of the French language in the daily activities of the country continue to write in French? Is the use of French a necessary evil or is French simply a "speaking-tube" as Jacques Nantet has indicated in a recent study? (Nantet 1972:249).[2]

The answer to the above questions is linked directly with the language policy of the present Senegalese government, led by Leopold Sedar Senghor. Senghor's admiration of the French language is euphoric, an admiration which has led him to consciously or unconsciously condemn his own African languages. Among other things he has written in favor of the French language. I will single out these few lines:

> ...I shall not return to the qualities of order and clarity which have made French during three centuries a universal language, especially, the language of science and diplomacy. They are well known. What I would like to add is that French is also a literary language, a poetic language. It is capable of expressing the most noble sentiments as well as the most delicate and troublesome, the sunshine of the spirit as well as the abyssal night of the unconscious. (Senghor 1964:229).

Several Senegalese intellectuals have, however, in spite of the official policy of the government, carried out activities which are directed towards the neutralization of the policy of linguistic assimilation of the Senegalese. The novelist, Semebene Ousmene, and the linguist, Pathe Diagne freely teach the Wolof language to hundreds of Senegalese in the country. They also publish in this language a journal called *Kaddu*. Each writer, however, has retained the French language for international communication.

Officially Senegal is designated a bilingual country. But how does one define bilingualism in a country where more than two languages are spoken? Does one refer to Serer-French bilingualism, or to French-Wolof bilingualism or again to Diola-French bilingualism? And what does one do with the local bilingualism that is common in the country? The simple fact is that many Senegalese are multilingual. More than 75% speak Wolof in addition to their mother language. Less than 12% of the entire population speak French. In Senegal, therefore, Wolof seems far more important than French because of the number of people who speak it and use it in their every day activities. This brief remark by a French sociologist, G. Manessy lends support to the above observation:

> For the Serere farmers as for a good half of the population of Senegal, Wolof has become the second language and even the principal language of all those who have left their village. (Flis-Zonabend 1968:157).

This explains why many Senegalese intellectuals look to Wolof to perform the task of a national language in the very near future.

3. The French language and African literary realities

People often speak of a mongrel style, "le style de métis", when talking about African literary works. What is meant is that the bicultural education that the African writers have received is manifested in their manner and matter of writing. The African writer, it is believed, thinks in African (whatever that means) and expresses himself in French or in English. From this evolves a new style, fashioned out of elements of heterogeneous origins, producing a style which is neither completely African nor French.

There is without any doubt some evidence of a literary "métissage" or syncretism among Senegalese writers. First of all, the novel, a French literary genre par excellence, is used by these writers as a vehicle for their African thoughts. Structurally the novels of Cheikh Hamidou Kane, Abdoulaye Sadji, Sembene Ousmane, Ousmane Soce, and Malick Fall follow the forms of the traditional western novels. These writers develop plots, create characters whom they push into adventures like western novelists. They employ equally the technique of the interior monologue, dialogue and flashbacks, all handled by an omniscient narrator. This structure and technique, it is true, is to be found also in the traditional oral narrative but in a less diversified manner. Thus one can speak of the universality of the narrative structure.

What is more interesting, however, is that, in spite of these basic similarities in form and structure, the francophone African writers of Senegal remain African in their inspiration and style. The Senegalese writer draws from his tradition and culture some esthetic elements which he inserts into his story. Elements of the African folktale, for example, abound in their novels and in some of their poetry. The writers make use of proverbs, songs, dances, and riddles to advance the meanings of their stories. A particular rhythm for instance characterizes the novel of Malick Fall, *The Wound*, a rhythm which places it at a level between poetry and prose. Image-symbols punctuate the pages of Cheikh Hamidou Kane's *Ambiguous Adventure*, reflecting the literary procedures of the Toukleur. It could be argued that the insertion of traditional elements into the novels is an attempt by these writers to remain authentic, to resist literary assimilation. Francophone writers of African origin have, in general, been criticized as a result of this style of writing, and Senghor was quick to come to their defense when he said:

> To accuse Cesaire and others becuase of their rhythm, their 'monotony', in a word because of their style, is to reproach them for being negroes, Antillians or Africans and not being 'French', if not Christians. It is to criticize them for being themselves, completely sincere. (Senghor 1968:224).

Literary sincerity is something quite difficult to come by, not only in Africa but also through the entire world--especially with the proliferation of books and the holding of literary conferences all over the world with the actual dissemination of the proceedings of the conferences and results of workshops. The point, which need not be labored, is that the effort at literary authenticity is directed towards creating a situation in which creative integrity is greatly enhanced. This explains why, at the level of language, there is a constant effort on the part of some of these writers to reflect African social realities. One observes in the poetry of Senghor, for instance, a neat tendency on the part of the poet to avoid the use of French poetic structures. For him as well as for Aime Cesaire it was a question of "...recreating not only a particular language, as is the case with every authentic poet, but also to create a language subtly different from the French of the metropolitan poets." (Mezu 1968:166). According to Senghor there is too much drama in French poetry, and "drama is anti-poetry". African poetry, in contrast, is symphony in which the word becomes spontaneous rhythm, piloted alòng by its musical phrases. Senghor insists that his poems be accompanied by the proper musical instruments in order to sustain the rhythm of his poems. Therefore, to capture the essential rhythm of Senghor's poems one needs to forget the French style of accentuating words. Traditional African poetry is based upon the alternations of stressed syllables and atonic syllables, between strong beats and weak beats. In a regular poem, on the other hand, each verse has the same number of accents. The essential rhythm of the African poem is not the rhythm provided by the words themselves but that provided by the percussion instruments which accompany the human voice and mark the fundamental rhythms. Senghor's reflections on the language, and style of African poetry have led him to some metaphysical formulations on the nature of the black artist which need not detain us too long. The essential of these metaphysical observations is that rhythm or the use of it helps the black artist to participate in the vital forces of the Cosmos and imbues him with the creative force. No work of art is worth the name if it does not reflect and transmit this essential rhythm.

One observes, in addition, the constant interference of Serer and Wolof accents and rhythms in the poetry of Senghor. Sometimes, he voluntarily inserts Wolof words in his poems and explains them later. Senghor, the most French of all Senegalese writers, remains African because he sings in French with Serer accents Besides, the richness of his poetry, its significance and meaning will be lost without reference to his glossary.

It might well be argued that the use of glossary limits the stylistic freedom of the African writer, and impedes reading. This is true and is the source of the much criticized stilted style of the African writer. The attempt to elucidate and explain culturally bound words and expressions does carry artistic restrictions and sometimes interferes with some of the dramatic moments in the book. But when it is done by a competent writer it can prove very satisfying literally and linguistically.

Sembene Ousmane, the most prolific of the Senegalese writers, displays a serious concern for reproducing the various language levels of his characters making sure that the particular idiom used reflects the social status of the character. Thus, it is easy to distinguish in his writings between the popular language, that is, the French spoken by the average Senegalese and that spoken by the Senegalese intellectual. Here is the translation of a dialogue between Fousseynou and Mannh Kombeti, two veterans rooted in tradition:

> Yo! yo! oho! said Fousseynou crawling in, coming nearer...He said: "To the glory of God" and continued: "What good, kind lady, will it do to conserve water which does not quench the thirst?"
>
> Man, in vain will be the efforts of those who try to boil waters from the pond.
>
> Water kills everything. Everything. Everything, except frogs.
>
> Let us avoid then putting frogs in water that boils, man!
>
> Kind lady, solitude is bad for people...who are getting old. Don't you agree?
>
> "My fathers! He is changing his tactics and harrassing me by the foot. He is going to see that I listened to our ancestors"
>
> She then declared aloud:
>
> I am not lonely, man. I have inside me many people who populate me. And I am not yet too old to re-enter into my culture.
>
> "Yo! yo! If she had seen me five years ago she would have jumped upon me. She is trying to be smart, as the white man would say.
>
> All that is the fault of the doctor"
>
> A hand is never too much when the thunder threatens, replied Fousseynou. (Osumane 1964:45).

In this dialogue, rife with idiomatic expressions, images, proverbs, aphorisms and metaphors, the traditional African style of conversation is evident. This shows that Sembene Ousmane knows very well his tradition and his people whose folklore and mythical universe he tries to reproduce through words. Even in translation, the oral effect and quality of the original language still comes through in the above passage.

In many of his works Sembene Ousmane is not very literary in the use of the French language. He skins this language as it were,

and Africanizes it from the base. For him the French language is a tool, a carrying tube; un langage passe-partout. His style is economical and functional displaying more often than not the language used by the masses in their daily activities. However, Sembene Ousmane is literary and classical in handling language when he paints scenes or describes landscapes.

On the other hand, Cheikh Hamidou Kane and Malick Fall display a cartesian and conformist style. In form, for instance, the *Ambiguous Adventure* of Kane follows the pattern of some traditional French novels. It is divided into three composite parts of thesis, anti-thesis and synthesis. The language is polished and highly literary. All the characters speak as perfect masters of the French language, including the curious and strange character called the Fool. Listen to him speak of Europe in the following passage:

> "On the hard asphalt, my exacerbated ears and my eager eyes were vainly on the look-out for the soft upheaval of earth from a naked foot. There was no foot anywhere around me. On the hard carapace, there was only the clattering of a thousand hard shells. Had men no longer feet of flesh? A woman passed me, the pink flesh of her calves hardened monstrously in two black terminal conches at the level of the asphalt. I had not seen one single human foot since I disembarked. All along the asphalt, the tide of shells ran level with it. All around, from the pavement to the house rooftops, the bare and echoing shell of the stone turned the street into a basin of granite. This valley of stone was traversed on its axis by a fantastic river of wild and headstrong mechanisms... (Kane 1962:85).

The French of the Fool is faultless, although it raises some questions on the linguistic sensitivity and judgment of the author who makes a character who is not well educated speak such a fluent French that will make many graduates of the language blush in shame at their own insufficiency. The Fool's language is an accumulation of images and symbols. It is evident that he is speaking of the West and its materialism. To do this he employs images, precisely image-symbols, which form part of the traditional esthetic elements of the Toukleur. The Fulani or Pheul presents ideas through the elaboration of symbols and images and through the intermediaries of concrete as against abstract nouns. Listen to this painful meditation of the Knight ruminating over the Occidentalization of Senegal in the twentieth century:

> In truth, it is not acceleration which the world needs, the knight reflected. "What we must have is a bed, a bed upon which, stretched out, the soul will devermine a respite, in the name of its salvation. Is civilization outside the balance of man and his disposability? The civilized man, is he not the expandable man--expandable for the love of his fellows, expandable above all for

> the love of God? But a voice within him will object, man is surrounded by problems which prevent this quietude. He is born to a forest of questions. The substance of matter in which he participates through his body--which the soul hates--harasses him with a cacophony of demands to which he must respond. "I am hungry. Give me something to eat", his stomach orders. "Are we going to rest at last? Let us rest" his limbs keep murmuring. To his stomach and his limbs, a man gives the answers that are called for; and this man is happy. Then a voice implores him: "I am alone. I am afraid. What is my native country? Who brought me here? Where are they taking me?" The man rises and goes in search of man. Then he isolates himself and prays. This man is at peace. Man must respond to all the questions. You, you wish to ignore some of them... "No," the knight objected for his own part, "No, I only wish for harmony. The most strident voices try to dry out the others. Is that good? Civilization is an architecture of responses. Its perfection, like that of any dwelling house, is measured by the comfort man feels in it, by the added portion of liberty it procures for him. But, precisely, the Diallobe are not free--and you would like to maintain this condition? No, that is not what I want. But man's slavery amid a forest of solutions--is that worth anything more? (Kane 1962: 63-64).

In this long extract, in which the Knight is engaged in a dialogue with himself through the personification of parts of his body--the commanding stomach, the murmuring limbs, and the plaintive voices---Cheikh Hamidou Kane is using traditional Peul literary techniques. Instead of mystifying through abstractions, he concretizes his ideas through images and symbols, and assures in this manner a near-perfect integration of culture and language, for the Peul--as we have said--expresses himself in image-symbols. Through this manner of presenting the African ideas in French, Cheikh Hamidou Kane invests his novel with an indelible African flavor. As a revelation of the immense literary possibilities of the Peul-African using the French language to express a highly dignified culture, Cheikh Hamidou Kane's novel remains a very unique literary and linguistic accomplishment.

Yet Kane has not fulfilled the promise which his novel bears the marks of--nor have other Senegalese writers. Malick Fall's prose in *The Wound* is polished but highly affected. He fails, in my opinion, when he makes the protagonist of his novel speak like an "agrégé" of the French grammar:

> This break is decisive. A man is born, whose place is forever marked on the corner of the mat, in the family compound, in the middle of the market, in the tam-tam. A man who will no longer beg, who will

> no longer beg, who will receive in division what belongs to him. I have two hands, two legs, a robust health. The arena belongs to me. Ladies here is your champion!
> Farewell! haunt of criminals, empty beaches, Farewell! obscurity, dangerous sports. Farewell! thunder storms which lashed my nudity, winds of blinding sands. Farewell! infected apparels; huts, and padded cells. (Malick 1967:163).

The above is a beautiful passage, lyrical in its poetic invocations and reminiscent of some of the great poets of the romantic period. But this style of speaking, this sophisticated language is artificial in the mouth of Magamou, whose background and education are far from being elevated. We must, in the final analysis of *The Wound*, concede that its language would make it "pass" very easily for a French novel.

Ousmane Soce's novel, *Karim*, is a highly informational novel and owes much of its staid success on the anthropological and cultural insight it provides on the Senegalese society of the 1930's. There is little linguistic privacy and no language experimentation, although Soce saddles his novel with Wolof words which he translates. Yet his style is bereft of any serious effort directed towards the 'Africanization' of the French language as is found in the novels of Sembene Ousmane. His simple but realistic style remains thus conformist, especially when he is describing a scene:

> Marieme replaced the dancer in the circle. She marched towards the orchestra which strained towards achieving a harmony worthy of her. She beat the ground with measured steps, bent forward, her right hand shaking as if to beat time; the left retaining her boubou. Suddenly, she stopped, and fidgetted. She balanced her bust to show its pure line; then she took off again, and in a stampede marked by rhythmical vaults, she ran around the circle pretending to tear away everything on her way. She raced like a torrent, in perfect accord with the dizzy music, which changed beats, fast or slow, regulating itself on (the steps) of the dancer to let her breathe. The public carried by the moving and resounding "sabar", formed a distracted accompaniment with their hand claps. (Soce 1948:45-6).

The above description could have been that of a Frenchman writing about a particular African event he knows thoroughly well. Abdoulaye Sadji's style is not much different from Soce's. It is simple and conformist. Like Soce's, his novel is decked with Wolof words which are later translated or explained by the author. But when he describes a scene or a landscape, Sadji is as classical as Sembene Ousmane or Soce.

From this rather brief analysis what is clear and what I have tried to demonstrate is that there is not much linguistic experiment to be found among Senegalese writers in general. Their literary style conforms very much to the French style of writing. One thing I wish to make clear here is that I do not want to confuse the mastery of the syntax, morphology and grammar of the French language with a linguistic assimilation. As I intend to show, it is very possible to modify the borrowed European languages and make them conform to, and effectively translate, African realities. The anxiety created by literary purism or linguistic purity could be the result of a complex: that of trying to show that one can write French as well as a French man, which is not strange, given the competition going on between Senegalese intellectuals and their French counterparts during the period when the politics of assimilation was enforced.

4. Language experiments by Nigerian novelists

In West Africa, some Nigerian writers have gone beyond this inherent colonial mentality in their handling of the English language. For many Nigerian writers, the English language is a means, not an end. Thus the Nigerian writer is less interested in writing the schoolmasterly English or the Queen's English than in transmitting ideas. In this respect the controversial Amos Tutuola comes readily to mind. Tutuola's English is prohibitively strange, even to a non-native speaker of the language. It cannot be called the English of Nigeria for it is not Nigerian "pidgin". It is different from the standard educated English; it is equally different from "educated Nigerian English". But despite Tutuola's quaintness, despite his semantic overlaps, he succeeds in communicating his world to others. Here is a typical Tutuolan English, taken from his first novel, *The Palm-Wine Drinkard:*

> As I was carrying him along the road, he was trying all his efforts to excape or to kill me, but I did not give him a chance to do that. When I had travelled about eight hours, then I reached the town and went straight to the old man's house who told me to go and bring Death from his house. When I reached the old man's house, he was inside his room, then I called him and told him that I had brought Death that he told me to go and bring. But immediately he heard from me that I had brought Death and when he saw him on my head, he was greatly terrified and raised alarm that he thought nobody could go and bring Death from his house, then he told me to carry him (Death) back to his house at once, and he (old man) hastily went back to his room and started to close all his doors and windows, but before he could close two or three of his windows, I threw down Death before his door and at the same time that I threw him down, the net cut into pieces and Death found his way out. (Tutuola 1953:15).

This language is highly private and exotic, and despite its strange diction is very powerful and compelling. Tutuola has no linguistic prohibitions and the spell he holds over some of his readers is derived from the oral effect of his prose.

Other Nigerian writers have been less violent in their linguistic experimentation. Nkem Nwankwo, the author of *Danda*, a picaresque novel, interpolated in the pages of his novel the recorded conversations of village elders in order to reflect faithfully their language level and patterns of speech.

One of the most serious efforts to preserve the forms of an African language in English is to be found in *The Voice*, a novel written by Gabriel Okara, one of Nigeria's finest poets. Okara makes a direct transcription of the syntax and grammar of his mother language, Ijaw, into the English language, producing a prose that is stilted and difficult to dig through as in this passage:

> When Okolo came to know himself, he was lying on a floor, on a cold, cold floor lying. He opened his eyes to see but nothing he saw, nothing he saw, for the darkness was evil darkness and the outside night was black black night. Okolo lay still in the darkness enclosed by darkness, and he/his thoughts picked in his inside. Then his picked thoughts his eyes opened but his vision only met a rock-like darkness. The picked thoughts then drew his legs but his legs did not come. They were as heavy as a canoe full of sand. His thoughts in his inside began to fly in his inside darkness like frightened birds hither, thither, homeless...Then the flying thoughts drew his hand but the hands did not belong to him, it seemed. So Okolo on the cold cold floor lay with his body as soft as an over-pounded foo foo. So Okolo lay with his eyes open wide in the rock-like darkness staring, staring. (Okara 1970:25).

Okara's language, it is true, is closer to the Ijaw verbal structure than to the English, but the meaning is obscured. The diction is unnecessarily contorted and twisted yielding an unpleasant verbal style. It lacks, for example, the verbal felicity found in Chinua Achebe's novels, or the compelling oral quality of Tutuola's stories.

Chinua Achebe represents the most successful of all Nigerian writers in the essay to integrate language and culture in literary expressions. This Igbo writer re-creates in English the basic linguistic structure of the Igbo language without destroying the English syntax in the process, and this gives the impression that Achebe thinks in Igbo and then translates his thoughts into English. This explains also the abundance of proverbs in all his novels, since, among the Igbos, proverbs are regarded as the palm oil with which words are eaten. The characters of Achebe rival each other in the use of proverbs, which represent for them a

sure method of expressing their culture and identifying with the Igbo world.

Achebe, it has been said, is more than a pioneer of technique. He is a conscious and competent craftsman whose close control of language is as efficient as his control of subject matter. Thus, in all his novels, from *Things Fall Apart* to *A Man of the People*, there is a perfect integration of language and theme. This results from his language philosophy, which, among other things, aims at fashioning out of the English language, a new English "still in full communion with its ancestral home but altered to suit its new African surrounding". To achieve this balance he brings to bear instinct and judgment. Here is a typical example which Achebe himself likes to give:

> I want one of my sons to join these people and be my eyes there. If there is nothing in it you will come back. But if there is something there you will bring home my share. The world is like a Mask, dancing. If you want to see it well you do not stand in one place. My spirit tells me that those who do not befriend the white man today will be saying <u>had we known</u> tomorrow. (Achebe 1966:20).

Achebe then presents the same material in another form, displaying a different linguistic pattern and sensitivity:

> I am sending you as my representative among those people--just to be on the safe side in case the new religion develops. One has to move with the times or else one is left behind. I have a hunch that those who fail to come to terms with the white man may well regret their lack of foresight. (Achebe 1966: 20).

The first passage was 'altered' from the second quotation with much deliberation and instinct, giving the former an Igbo vernacular aura that is absent from the second passage. The linguistic mechanism of this alteration takes into account not only the medium, but also the Igbo people's imagistic and metaphorical views of the world.

5. <u>Conclusion</u>

I have discussed what some African writers are doing with the languages inherited from the West. On the one hand, language experiments reflect the inadequacy of the colonial languages to express African realities. The absence of experimentation or the lack of linguistic innovation, on the other hand, is symptomatic of a linguistic alientation emanating from colonial or neo-colonial policies. The limitations of both situations are tremendous. They indicate the cultural malaise of the African writer and his language gymnastics, without representing a permanent prognosis of the solution of Africa's language problems.

Footnotes

[1]See the first section of this paper in Ihechukwu Madubuike, *Assimilation and the Senegalese Novel*. Unpublished Ph.D. Dissertation, SUNY, Buffalo, 1973.

[2]Translations from French to English are the author's.

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